

# BASIL'S VINDICATION

He pressed the fragrant note to his lips, and, with a serene smile, leaned back in his chair. It was more, much more, than he had ever dared to hope.

Only a few words, written in a dainty feminine hand on a sheet of tinted note paper, yet Basil Vere, having read, thought himself the happiest man alive.

"Meet me in St. Saviour's Church at noon to-morrow."

The messenger who had brought the epistle having gone, Basil gave himself up to an hour's sweet contemplation of his love.

Marie Somerville was the only daughter of a wealthy, but proud, lawyer, who had made up his mind that no one in the three kingdoms was too good for Marie.

Marie, however, inheriting more of her mother's gracious sweetness of character than of her father's stern and harsh demeanor, thought otherwise, and would have none of the many suitors that the latter provided for her choice.

Then one day she met Basil Vere, a young subaltern in an infantry regiment, who from the very first time of meeting had determined to woo and win the pretty, blue-eyed daughter of the lawyer.

Opportunities for seeing each other were not frequent, however, and many were the subterfuges to which resort had to be made in order that they might enjoy each other's society.

But to-morrow! Then Basil would pour out his whole heart to his love, quite undisturbed.

It was almost too good to be true, and he threw his cap high in the air.

Half an hour before noon Basil sat patiently in a secluded seat, hidden behind one of the massive pillars of the church, waiting for Marie.

At every step he raised his head and watched those who entered.

Noon came, and the great clock overhead chimed out the hour.

"She will be here in a moment," he said to himself, hoping that the next worshipper would appear in the person of his love, but all in vain.

The suspense seemed long, and the quarter chimed; still the subaltern waited.

That she would come he had no doubt, but what had hindered her?

The half-hour struck.

Almost before the echo had died away a voice sounded almost in his ear.

"Basil!"

Marie had entered a small door behind him, taking him unawares.

"I could not come before, Basil; I have been detained."

"My own Marie, pray do not excuse yourself. I am proud to wait."

"Hush, Basil! Remember, we may be heard here. My brother is coming."

"Your brother?"

"Yes. He said he would be back in half an hour. They suspect me of meeting you."

"Would they prevent our intercourse, Marie?"

"If they could," she answered. "But we must not let them. If we are careful and ever on the alert we shall not arouse suspicion."

"You do not regret your love?"

"How can you ask, Basil? That were impossible!" Marie answered with a solemn look. "Should I be here otherwise?"

"No, Marie, but I wished to hear it again from your sweet lips," he answered.

Just at that moment the clock struck one. With a start Marie arose.

"Look! Francis has seen us," she cried, as a young fellow rushed after them when they walked out of the church.

"What does this mean, Marie?" he asked bluntly. "Who is this fellow?"

"Francis!"

Marie's eyes flashed upon her brother. Anger was plainly visible on her features, the graceful contour of her face becoming more visible in anger than when in repose. "How dare you speak of my friend like that?"

"Your friend, Marie? You must be mad! Surely, girl!"

He could hardly utter his thoughts. He gave a fierce scowl at Basil, who stood near. "Surely, girl, you don't call that your friend?"

The insult did not pass unnoticed by the subaltern. His hands itched to clutch Francis by the throat, but Marie's restraining influence held him back.

At that moment Basil stooped slightly to catch Marie and received the blow on his temple.

He staggered back. All his wildest passions aroused at this mad attack, he doubled his fists and stood on his guard.

Marie had by this time recovered herself and saw what Basil intended.

Clasping her hands, she stood before him. "Remember," she whispered, "he is my brother."

"Go now, Basil," she whispered.

He needed no second bidding. He dared not stay in the company of Francis longer, else he knew that he must retaliate upon him his ill words and blows.

Oh, that Marie had not asked him to do the all but impossible.

And as Basil Vere walked homeward his brow was clouded and his step heavy.

Not a week had passed.

Basil Vere sat musing in his boat on the Thames below Oxford. He had been boating alone, and had drawn his boat in among the rushes by the river bank.

Thus, quite out of sight, he could watch the other parties that passed and re-passed.

Suddenly he heard voices.

"The despicable cad!" said one.

"Yes; the fellow actually had the cool cheek to meet Marie in St. Saviour's Church," said a voice that Basil recognized as belonging to Francis Somerville.

"Great Scott!"

"Luckily I came upon them in time or I don't know what might not have happened."

"But what does Marie say about it?" asked one.

"Cut up quite nasty. Will not have a word to say to me now! Says I've killed her with my interference, and mopes all day long."

"She's a fine girl, Francis."

"And the old boy means to have her marry well," Francis answered. "Nothing less than a title will suit him. Besides—"

"So Vere is altogether too low?"

"The cad!" muttered Francis again.

"I'd like to meet the fellow now. 'Pon my soul, I would almost drown the insolent puppy!" he cried.

But Basil heard no more. The boat had passed out of hearing.

An hour later Basil was run into by two men in a boat.

His boat was upset and he was precipitated into the water.

Being a good swimmer, he came to the surface in a very short time, and found Francis in the other boat taunting him.

"Save yourself, you coward!" he shouted with a leer. "Hands off our boat. We'll have none such as you among us!"

But he was too late.

Basil managed to get one knee on the side of the boat. Francis got out of his seat to prevent him from securing a hold, and overbalanced himself.

Next moment all three were struggling in the water.

It did not take long for Basil to swim to the bank. The second occupant of the boat was soon by his side in a half-drowned condition, vowing vengeance on Basil. But where was Francis?

They could not see him for the moment.

A minute had not passed, however, before his head appeared above the water. He threw his hands up with a supplicating gesture and then disappeared.

"Good heavens, the weir!" cried Basil. "Nothing can save him once he gets caught in that current!"

With one glance at his helpless companion, Basil threw off his sacket and swam for the place where he had last seen Francis.

He lay on a couch and rubbed his eyes. It was several hours later.

He heard the voice of Francis in the next room.

"Is it really you, Marie?"

"My dear Basil, how can I thank you enough? Why, you almost died for Francis!"

A glad smile lit up Basil's features.

"I did it because he is your brother!" he answered simply.

Marie smothered his face with kisses. "I will make it all right with the old man, Basil!" whispered Francis next day, as he reclined on a couch at the inn. "You need have no fear now. I was a mean, despicable hound—"

## IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY.

### Ranges Once Rich Are Now Completely Deserted.

For ten years, more or less, say from 1874 to 1884, and later than this in the northern range, there was universal prosperity and lots of money; to be a cow-man meant being a small but powerful king with a princely kingdom, the boundaries of which were set by precedent and by the honor of custom—as far as a man on horseback could see, and by water—as firmly as if corner-marked and title-deeded. There was no rent and virtually no taxes to pay. A man might own a hundred thousand cattle and not an acre of land, though he claimed "range rights" to fifty thousand acres, and enforced those rights with blood and iron, says a writer in the Century Magazine.

Apparently this was a new sort of free life in which man had risen above the old slow rules of thrift. It was a simple business; turn the cattle to grass, and when money was needed, round them up and sell them. But the lucky dog sometimes has difficulty in enjoying his bone in peace. Lured by the stories of sudden riches in the cattle country, other men, as bold and hardy as the first, flocked in from all parts of the world, and began raising big and little herds. The building of the railroads across the continent stimulated immigration; the great Texas boom followed the completion of the Texas Pacific railroad in 1883. At first the early comers welcomed the new rangers, sold them cattle at exorbitant prices, chuckled at their innocence, allowed them to come in on the ranges, and grew richer and richer. There were times when Texas steers, big and little, brought \$25 each on the range. But the tide swelled, and the cattle continued to increase enormously. Presently the first real settlers, the "nesters" of Texas, who wished to fence the land for farms, appeared in numbers, and the early comers, the original cow-boys, began to chafe. "Who's elbowing me?" they inquired, and there was prompt and effective shooting and the wholesale cutting of the new fences.

Many good men lay down in the hot sand, never to rise again. But that, bad as it was, did not tell the whole story of destruction. If cattle had been killed instead of men, the trouble might have been averted, but the herds went on multiplying until they covered all the range, giving it no rest winter or summer. Each cow-man scrambled for all he could get; he argued that if he did not take the grass his neighbor would. And who cared a rap for the future? Life was short and money tangible. At first there had been enough grass to support one steer to every two acres of land; in half a dozen years a steer did well to make his living on five acres. After that the ratio steadily widened. So great was the struggle for new territory that whole herds of cattle sometimes went twenty miles or more to water and then back again, galloping every step, and working hard between times to get enough from the falling ranges to keep life within their lean carcasses. And to-day there are many parts of the range that will not support ten cattle to the square mile, one steer to every sixty-four acres, and it is a good range indeed that will feed a steer to every twenty acres. There are whole ranges in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, once rich beyond belief, that are completely deserted and given over to the desert.

### Difficult Case of Surgery.

A 3-month-old nylghau broke its left foreleg in two places in the paddock in the Central Park menagerie a month ago, and an uncommon experiment in animal surgery was tried to save its life, writes a reporter in the New York Sun.

When a wild animal breaks its leg it is usually killed, as it cannot be kept quiet long enough for the bones to unite. The young nylghau broke its leg near the shoulder in leaping over a watering trough in the paddock while engaged in a game of "tag" with three other youngsters of the same species. Director John W. Smith instructed Keepers Snyder and Shannon to do up the broken leg in a splint made of bandages and tar. The tar was put on hot, and the animal was quiet until the air cooled and hardened. The bones had first been properly set, and when he tar cooled the splint held them in place. The animal was able to hobble about the inclosure on its game leg. Dr. Edmund B. Southwick, the park entomologist, and Park Commissioner Wilcox watched the outcome of the experiment with interest.

The splint was taken off recently, after being on four weeks, and the bones were found to be thoroughly united. The animal went skipping about the paddock almost as lively as before the injury.

### Distrustful Father.

"Herbert has a lovely disposition," said Ethel.

"Yes," answered Ethel's father, "Herbert's disposition is too lovely. I should not like to trust your future to his hands. He is the sort of person who will be imposed on without resenting it. I have known him to go to a ball game and not want to fight the umpire when he gave an unjust decision against the home team."—Washington Star.

### A Lively Commonwalth.

"Kentucky is one of the liveliest States in the Union," remarked the young man.

"It is," answered Colonel Stillwell, "beyond a doubt. When I was last there every man I met was running for office or for his life."—Washington Star.

## OLD FAVORITES

Nellie Gray.  
There's a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore,  
There I've whiled many happy hours away,  
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,  
Where lived my darling Nellie Gray.

Chorus:  
Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,  
And I'll never see my darling any more;  
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,  
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climb'd the mountain and the stars were shining, too,  
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,  
And we'd float down the river in the little red canoe,  
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but "she's gone," the neighbors say,  
The white man bound her with his chain;  
They have taken her to Georgia, for to wear her life away,  
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,  
I'm tired of living any more;  
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung,  
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way—  
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;  
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray;  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven, there, they say,  
That they'll never take you from me any more;  
I'm a-coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way;  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore!  
— Hanby.

Lorena.  
The years roll slowly by, Lorena,  
The snow is on the grass again;  
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,  
The frost gleams where the flowers have been;  
But the heart beats on as warmly now  
As when the summer days were nigh;  
The sun will never dip so low  
As down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,  
Since last I clasped your hand in mine,  
And felt your pulse beat fast, Lorena,  
But mine beat faster, far, than thine!  
A hundred months—'twas flowing May  
When up the hilly slope we'd climb  
To watch the dying of the day  
And hear the village church bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,  
More than we ever dared to tell;  
And what might we have been, Lorena,  
Had but our loving prospered well!  
But all is past, those years are flown,  
I'll not call back their shadowy forms;  
I'll say to those lost years, sleep on—  
Sleep on, nor heed life's petting storms.

We've passed youth's golden glow, Lorena,  
Those days are with the eternal past;  
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,  
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast;  
But there's a future—oh, thank God,  
Of life this is so small a part!  
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,  
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart!

### The Parrot and His Food.

Parrots and toucans have no knives and forks to cut off the rinds of tropical fruits; but as monkeys use their fingers, so the birds use for the same purpose their sharp and powerful bills. No better nutcrackers and fruit parers could possibly be found. The parrot in particular has developed for the purpose his curved and inflated beak—a wonderful weapon, keen as a tailor's scissors and moved by powerful muscles on either side of the face which bring together the cutting edges with extraordinary energy.

The way the bird holds a fruit gingerly in one claw, while he strips off the rind dexterously with his under-tongue lower mandible and keeps a sharp lookout meanwhile on either side with those sly and stealthy eyes of his for a possible intruder suggests to the observing mind the whole living drama of his native forest. One sees in that vivid world the watchful monkey ever ready to swoop down upon the tempting tail feathers of his hereditary foe; one sees the canny parrot ever prepared for his rapid attack and ever eager to make him pay with five joints of his tail for his impertinent interference with an unoffending fellow citizen of the arboreal community.

### Showed Profound Conceit.

Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met.  
Maud—What makes you think so?  
Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!—Washington Times.

### Obligations.

"Do you think that dog is worth the money you are paying for a tag?"  
"No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "but you's got to go to some expense for de sake of 'social standin', suh' you?"—Washington Star.

We have remarked that the Confessions of a Wife are usually rants of her husband.

As we grow older, we blame the women less for having hysterics.

# DOINGS OF WOMEN

## "NEW" WOMAN ON THE FARM.

There is considerable significance in the fact that this year over fifty girls have taken up the study of scientific farming at the Minneapolis College of Agriculture and have thus announced their intention to adhere to country life. The college, it seems, has been in existence for the past decade, but girls have only recently been admitted. The character of the instruction available to the girl students is suggestive. The course presented emphasizes the sciences of botany, chemistry, physics and geology requiring during the freshmen and sophomore years at least two terms' work in each of them. Boys and girls work together, it seems, throughout about two-thirds of the entire course, which includes study in language, mathematics, science, civics, and considerable technical work. In the case of the girls cooking, laundrying and sewing are substituted for carpentry, blacksmithing and veterinary science. The girls, too, give more attention to household art, home economy and domestic hygiene than to the business aspect of farming.

It is happily the chief purpose of the college to awaken in its entire student body a keen interest in farming, farm life, the farm house and farm society. Both boys and girls are taught to plan farm buildings and how to lay out the grounds artistically. Considerable attention is given to the furnishing of houses, to literature, music and social culture, with the general thought "of making the farm home the most attractive spot on earth." The result of the new movement is being watched with keen interest by agriculturists and educators. It is evident that should it prove successful the innovation will spread to other agricultural States. Its influence, one readily apprehends, is apt to be social as well as agricultural in character. Heretofore one great drawback to farming has been the difficulty of keeping the farmers' sons on the farm. With trained and educated girls enthusiastically taking up the profession of farming, it is pointed out that life in the country would take on a new charm and that the exodus of young men to cities would be materially lessened. It is difficult to forecast the outcome. But it is pleasant to think that we may be coming close to the long-sought solution of the problem of cities.—Boston Transcript.

## Woman Holds Office in Alabama.

For the first time in its history a woman holds a State office in Alabama. She is Miss J. Nicholene Bishop, and she was recently appointed a member of the State Examining Board of School Teachers. Her selection for the position caused considerable surprise and considerable gratification, too, and now that the ice has been broken it is expected that women of feeblehold in Alabama will soon become numerous.

The right to hold such office, however, does not imply the right to vote, the Alabama law apparently being the same as that in Indiana, under which women may hold any office under the school laws, but cannot vote for any public office. The only States in the American Union where the full right of suffrage exists are Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming, and there women can vote for all public officers, including Presidential electors. Indeed in Utah and Wyoming woman suffrage is a constitutional provision.

## Where Women May Not Pray.

This is a practically universal prohibition against women praying in Mohammedan countries. They are not admitted beyond the thresholds of the mosques; but, on the other hand, the Koran distinctly encourages women to pray in private. Some Hindoo congregations deny the privilege of prayer to their women altogether. Among the Ainu, a race supposed to be the aboriginals of Japan, women are not permitted to pray or offer sacrifice except in rare cases as the deputies of their husbands. The reason for this practice is that the Ainu women are not supposed to possess souls, and therefore their prayers would be quite unavailing. Among the natives of Madagascar women are permitted to pray, but only to the powers of evil, a kind of intercessory prayer. Only men are permitted to address prayers directly to the Supreme Being.

## System in Housework.

The good housewife makes plans over night for the work which must be done the following day. Probably a considerable share of it falls to a special day in each week, but there will be a number of things to do which are out of the regular routine, and for these she must plan so that she will not have them all crowding upon her at once and either being neglected because they are so many or taken in hand and carried through at the cost of health and spirits.

A desire for economy sometimes will

incite a woman to a most foolish expenditure of energy, which is really a very bad kind of extravagance. For instance, she has been particularly busy all day and is feeling tired, when in comes a neighbor who tells her of the great flannel sale. In a moment she thinks of little Popsy's flannel petticoats—the child really must have new ones—and off she rushes to secure the material and returns, delighted to have got it at a few pennies under the usual price. As a matter of fact, that flannel was a dear purchase. It was like the proverbial straw which broke the camel's back, for the next day the housewife is either moping about, feeling incapable of work, or she is prostrated with a severe headache. Planning would save this kind of thing and prevent the crowding into one day the work of two.

In planning and estimating a day's work some allowance should always be made for interruptions and for the work taking longer than was anticipated. With too many "irons in the fire" such hindrances as a visitor or having to console a crying child in some little trouble make it difficult to keep that calm, sweet temper which is necessary to the woman who is not merely the mistress of the machinery of the household, but its good angel, who makes it home indeed to all who dwell there.



## Cookery Corner.

Wooden kneading boards for bread are declared unsanitary.

Nut and fruit sandwiches should go into the school lunch basket.

Pour boiling water over raisins before seeding them. It's easier.

Dates stuffed with marshmallow paste make a tempting dessert.

Sugar added to the water used for basting meat adds to the flavor.

For quick breads and batters baking powder instead of yeast is used.

Almost any cold vegetable makes a delicious salad if attractively arranged.

Cooking adds to the digestibility of nuts, and many sorts should be ground before being eaten.

For an appetizing lunch have scalloped tomatoes, beef croquettes, peas, and apple fritters.

Crystallized strawberries are among the most liked fruits. Served in ice cream they are delicious.

Mushrooms are sometimes pickled only in brine and are useful in gravies in the winter and sometimes in vinegar.

A fine cranberry jam calls for one quart cranberries, three-quarters of a pint of water, one pound white sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

If you wish delicious fried halibut cut the steak into pieces two inches square; season with salt and pepper and dip in a beaten egg and then bread crumbs; fry in deep fat, drain on paper, and garnish with parsley and lemon.

## This Great Mistake.

To the average woman her husband's work is a black letter book which she rarely attempts to open. If it renders unto the house and the necessities of life the things that she looks upon as needful, she is content. When the man wants sympathy with a plan or aspirations he is too frequently compelled to go to his men associates—or to some other woman. I have seen the rocks poke their heads out of an otherwise pleasant matrimonial sea solely for this reason.

The woman looked upon the work which made the man's place in life as nothing more than a certain capacity for earning money. To train her mind to a proper understanding of that work, to enter into its joys and failures with unqualified and wise sympathy, never grew in her mind as one of its sweetest duties. The attitude at once created a barrier hard to break down, spreading every day until each thought it a necessity.

"Men will never talk to women with the rough frankness which they use between themselves. Conversation between the sexes will always be partially insincere," says Hamerton. I hope to see the day when "never" and "always" can be stricken from these two sentences and woman will aim to be a real comrade, without being any less a woman.

## How to Go Upstairs.

The wrong way to go upstairs, according to a physical culture teacher, is to lean over, contract the chest, hoop the shoulders and bend the whole body forward from the waist. The person who goes upstairs in this way will be exhausted at the top of even a short flight. Yet stair-climbing, properly done, is considered a good exercise. The head should be erect, the chest expanded, the shoulders back, with no bend whatever of the body at the waist. With this poise put the whole weight on the ball of the foot and do not touch the step with the heel and note the springiness felt at every footfall.